A LULLABY.

Hushaby, baby, the shadows are falling,
A little white crib is a-waiting for thee.
Night winds fan softly while mother sings to thee.
The brown birdie sleeps in his nest in the tree.

Down in the valley the violets whisper.
Listen! I think I can hear what they say:
"We'll close our blue eyes and maybe to-morrow
Baby will come and will take us away."

Baby's head droops and the long curling lashes
Rest on her cheek as I sing hush-a-bye,
Mother Moon throws down a flood of bright kisses,
Silvery kisses from out the blue sky.

Dear little baby, the rose in the garden
Long has received its anointing of dew.
Sleep, little baby, our Father in heaven
Sends down his angels to guard such as you.

—Constance Entwistle Hoar.

THE SPITE FENCE.

It Came Down When a Little Tot Taught Neighbors How to be Neighborly.

(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

It was an attractive suburb of the city, and all its home owners were substantial men of business. The homes were of a tasteful character and with a pleasing mixture of designs Cedar Park ranked high as a desirable residence section for men of comfortable means.

The original owner of house 2468 Parkview avenue was Edgar Thompson, and the original owner of 2470 was John Wanser, and these buildings were among the most attractive on the street.

Owner Thompson occupied his house nearly a year and then his son, who had located at Los Angeles and was doing well, coaxed his father to sell out his property and remove to southern California.

The neighborhood change worried John Wanser. He and Thompson had become very good friends, and he dreaded the thought that a new neighbor might not prove as agreeable as the old one.

John Wanser was a man of strong convictions and firm prejudices, an inheritance from a long lines of sturdy German ancestry. A man of blameless life, his likes and dislikes were equally firm, and he stood squarely upon his rights.

For a month or two the house stood vacant, and then John Wanser learned it had been sold. He went to the agent to inquire about it. Yes, the house had found a purchaser. His name was Martin, James Martin, a man of mechanical genius, who was understood to own several valuable improvements in factory fittings. He was a man of Scotch-Irish descent, and the family consisted of himself and wife.

In a day or two the new owner moved in. When John Wanser reached home from the insurance office, where he still directed affairs, he found that the Martins were in possession. As he passed the house he noticed a little man with gray hair on the front porch examining the window casings. The little man had a quick, nervous way about him. He was a strong contrast to John Wanser who was big and quiet and slow.

The little man turned and looked at John as the latter passed, and gave him a quick nod. John gravely nodded back.

"The new people have moved in," his wife told him as he entered the house. "They seem to have a lot of nice things. Mrs. Martin doesn't look very well, and I noticed she didn't have much to do with the moving. She has a nice, kind face."

John Wanser took off his overcoat and hung it in the coat closet off the hall.

"We will go a little slow with the new neighbors, Elsa," he said. "It isn't well to be too thick with them until we find out something more than we already know."

John Wanser had a form of speech that frequently suggested his German ancestry.

"And what do you know about them, John?"

"Very little yet. Only he is Scotch-Irish."

He used the term as if it might be a very undesirable condition.

"Mr. Thompson's grandfather was Welsh," said Mr. Wanser, "and his grandmother was Manx."

"We can't expect such good neighbors any more like the Thompsons," said John and his tone was tinged with regret.

So the acquaintance between the two families progressed but slowly. The new neighbor busied himself about his premises and there was no doubt that he meant to keep the grounds in the best condition.

The air was too chilly yet to make the porches attractive and Mrs. Martin, who evidently was delicate, remained indoors.

The new neighbors had been in their home about ten days when John Wanser was stopped on his way home by the little man.

"How are you?" inquired the latter. "Glad to know you. I'm your new neighbor—Martin is my name."

John Wanser shook the hand that was offered him.

"I am quite well," he said.

"Haven't had much time to get acquainted," said the little man. "Too busy. Looks pretty good, doesn't it?"

"It looks very good," John Wanser admitted.

"I'm going to do a lot more yet," said the little man. "I'm going to cut off this bay here and make more room between the houses. What do you think of it?'

John Wanser looked doubtful. The bay was not an adornment by any means, but Edgar Thompson had built it.

"You know best," he said. "It will be quite a large expense."

"Oh, that's all right," said the little man. "I expect to stay here for some time—if I can get along with the neighbors."

He said this laughingly, but John Wanser didn't like his tone. Neighborliness was a sacred theme with John.

"I guess there is no trouble," he said.

"I hope not," said the little man. "And now see here. I've got a small improvement to suggest to you. I'll stand all the expense, you understand. What do you say to having a driveway in common between the houses? That's one reason why I am taking this bay off."

It was a good scheme. John Wanser and Edgar Thompson had it under consideration when the latter decided to move away. But John was a slow man. He resented the fact that the improvement had been broached by this nervous little stranger.

"I'll have to think it over," he slowly said.

The little man laughed.

"It doesn't seem to me that much thinking is required," he cried. "It's a good thing for both of us. You give the use of three feet of your land and I'll give six feet of mine."

"All right," said the new neighbor just a little sharply. "Let me know tomorrow."

John Wanser passed along.

"I'm afraid I'm not going to like the new neighbor, Elsa," he said to his wife.

"I'm sorry," she answered.

"He is so quick, so anxious, so sure."

"So?"

"Yes." He hesitated as if groping for a term. "He is too Scotch-Irish.

The gentle Elsa shook her head.

"I wonder how his wife is," she said. "I have not seen her for several days."

John Wanser turned away.

The more he thought about the new neighbor's scheme the less he liked it. If he let him have his way in this instance he would want other favors. He'd better stop right where he was.

The next afternoon the little man was waiting for him. He had a tape reel in his hands.

"Well, neighbor?" he called to John. The latter winced at the familiar tone.

"I have thought the matter over," he said in his slow way.

"All right."

"It is not all right. I have decided that I do not desire a change."

The little man colored up.

"That's a disappointment," he said. "I had counted on your joining in with me. Have you any reason for your refusal?"

"No," replied John.

"I thought not," snapped the little man.

The sarcastic tone hurt John.

"I suppose I can do as I please with my own property," he said with ponderous indignation.

"Sure you can," snarled the little man. "Sink it in sheol for all I care!"

John breathed hard.

"Do you mean to insult me?" he cried.

"Take it as you please," cried the peppery little man.

"I take it as an insult," spluttered John.

"I'm glad you can get something through your thick head," said the neighbor.

"You—you are no gentleman!" cried John.

"You're an old porpoise," shouted the new neighbor, and turned abruptly away.

John Wanser looked after him. He trembled with rage.

"You—you Scotch-Irih," he screeched

When he entered the house he sank on the nearest chair and breathed hard for several minutes, much to the alarm of his wife.

"Elsa," he said with a bitter emphasis, "we will have nothing to do with the new neighbors. They are too far beneath us. Remember. It is not enough that you do not speak to them, you must not even look towards their house."

"But, John, she is a sick woman."

"Never mind it. Her husband can take care of her. He can take care of the whole neighborhood. He is a great smarty. Only he can't take care of me."

"Why, what has happened, John?"

"Never mind what has happened. It has happened—that's enough. Now we will forget it and the new neighbors, too. Bear it in mind, Elsa."

The next morning he did not pass the Martin house. He stiffly crossed the street and walked to the car through the park.

When he came home the next afternoon his wife met him in the hall.

"John," she quickly said, "there is something going on next door and I don't know what it is. That man has been measuring and measuring, and another man has been helping him."

"Never mind what it is," said John sharply. "We are not interested."

"I—I am afraid we are," said Elsa, but he did not ask for what she meant.

But while they were at breakfast the next morning they heard the sound of hammers close to the dining room windows. Before John could stop her, Elsa ran to the nearest window and cautiously peeked out.

There was a load of fresh lumber lying on the ground near the Martin house and four carpenters were busy setting posts.

Elsa came back with a white face.

"They are building a fence," she said.

He gave a little gasp.

"It is a spite fence!"

He stared hard at his wife and the sound of the hammers seemed to grow more continuous.

"I am so sorry," said the gentle Elsa.

"What do we care?" cried John fiercely. "It will hurt him more than it does us."

"No," said the practical Elso. "It hurts us much more. It spoils the light of our dining room."

"Anyway, the disgrace is ours."

"No doubt it is, John, but the discomfort is ours."

He folded his napkin. His appetite was gone. By nightfall everybody in the neighborhood would know about the spite fence. And many people would laugh, and no doubt the newspapers would get the story and illustrate it with pictures! It was too bad. And he had never had a difference with a neighbor before.

He took his hat and coat and went away through the park in a very unpleasant mood.

That night when he reached home—and he purposely delayed starting until the sun went down—the spite fence was up—150 feet of it. It was ten feet high, and on the Martin side it was receiving a coat of white paint.

John crept into the house. He was humiliated and ashamed. That glaring thing outside spoiled his appetite, it spoiled his liking for life.

"I guess we'll have to move away, Elsa," he said that evening. "I don't want to live here any more. That man has spoiled the place for me."

Elsa shook her head.

"No, no, John, we mustn't run away. We are not afraid. We will get used to it. Maybe the man will think better of it. This is our home. I am satisfied with it. I don't want to make another."

John faintly smiled.

"I guess you are braver than I am," he said.

That night he lettered a big square of pasteboard. It took a long time, But it was well done. This was the announcement it bore:

The Fence You See Here
was erected as a
Mark of Neighborly Good Will
by its owner,
James Martin.

He liked this sentiment and read it over several times.

"That will make him sit up and growl," he said as he put the placard in the closet.

The next morning he showed it to Elsa.

"I am going to nail this to a post in the front yard," he said.

But Elsa shook her head.

"No, John, you mustn't," she cried. "You would put yourself on a level with him. The right thing to do is to do nothing. You mustn't let him see that this hurts you."

"But it does," said John with a little catch in his voice.

"I don't think he feels very pleasant about it himself," said Elsa.

"Bah," said John, "he's Scotch-Irish!"

John took the placard and tore it up and flung the pieces aside, and Elsa kissed him and smoothed his gray hair, and he hurried away from the house without a glance at the hateful fence.

The next day the Wansers had a visitor, a visitor who made them quite forget the shadow of that spiteful barrier. The visitor was their granddaughter, Elsie, aged four, the daughter of their only son, Emil. She was a stout little fairy with sunny curls strong and active and full of cute sayings.

Her grandfather brought her home with him, her mother having left her in the office that Friday afternoon, and she was going to stay with her doting grandparents until the following Monday.

Of course, they spoiled her, these foolish old people. There was nothing she couldn't have for the asking. And Grandfather John, as was his custom during these eventful visits, prepared to make a half holiday of his Saturday afternoon in honor of the little Elsie. Besides, the grandmother had an important errand that would keep her away for an hour or two.

It was a fine May afternoon, clear and sunny. The little Elsie was turned loose in the back yard where she could romp in freedom and in safety. Grandfather would romp with her, or else he would sit on the steps with his beloved pipe and watch her while she played.

But he had forgotten to bring his pipe from its nest in the dresser drawer in his room upstairs. He went up after it—giving the laughing Elsie a merry smile as he turned away.

He was gone but a moment, but as he opened the dresser drawer he heard a peculiar sound. It was the sound of smart blows falling on a wooden surface. He ran to the back window. He could see the top of the spite fence, but not the ground beneath. The blows continued. He was turning to run down stairs when he saw the new neighbor leave some work he was doing in the rear of the lot and run forward. He picked up a stout stick as he ran.

John Wanser turned very pale. He seemed to realize that the little Elsie was in peril. He ran back to the dresser and drew out a hidden revolver. Then he opened the window and leaned out. He saw the little man dart forward, there was a sudden crash, and almost instantly he came back into view with Elsie in his arms.

John Wanser's fingers tightened on the revolver. Would he dare to hurt the child?

But no, they were both laughing, laughing loudly. And the little Elsie snatched off the neighbor's hat and flung it down and mussed up his gray hair. And he laughed louder than ever and gave her a playful shake that set all her sunny curls bobbing.

John Wanser thrust the gun in his hip pocket and hurried down stairs.

As he peered through the opening the little man spied him.

"Hello, neighbor," he cried, "does this belong to you?"

"She is my grandchild," the astonished old man replied.

"What's her name?"

"Elsie."

"Elsie, eh? Elsie, I'm your Uncle Jim."

"Uncle Jim," cooed the child and suddenly stooped and kissed his cheek.

"Ain't she a darling?" the little man cried and his eyes glistened. He looked around to John Wanser—"Say, neighbor," he said, "let me borrow her for a moment or two. I want to show her to Mrs. Martin. She's far from well, and I know she's just hungering for a sight of something like this." His voice broke a little. "We had one once, you know—many years ago—but she was with us only a little while. I'll be right back."

And before John Wanser could say a word he had run into the house with the laughing child.

He came back empty handed and John saw that his eyes were suspiciously red.

"Mary wants her for a minute or two," he explained. "The child is doing her lots of good. She's such a cute little thing. Do you know she heard me working back there and knocked on the fence to attract my attention. Here, I'll smash off another board so she can get through easier." He paused and looked up at John Wanser. "Say," he said, "I'm going to knock the whole blamed thing down. I'm ashamed of it—and I'm not such a brute as you think me. Honest, I'm not. Say, that carpenter lives only a little ways from here. I'll have him yank the thing down this evening and have it piled away out of sight before Sunday."

John Wanser breathed hard.

"I—I was stubborn about that driveway," he said. "I wanted it all the time. You see, you didn't go at it right, that was the trouble."

The little man laughed.

"Of course it was. But it's all right now. I'm a pretty good fellow when you come to know me. And you'll lend us the baby once in a while, won't you?"

John Wanser suddenly laughed. It was the first time for nearly a week.

"Sure," he answered. "Anything that's neighborly."

And their hands met in a warm clasp.

China Likes American Ice Cream.

Of late there has been a decided impetus given to the sale of ice-cream freezers in China. It is not an uncommon occurrence to step ino a crowd to see what can be attracting its curiosity and find that they are watching a street vendor making his ice cream. He does this when all can watch, and retails it from the freezer.—New York Commercial.

SCIENCE

Dr. Max Wolf, of Heidelberg, to whom astronomy owes the discovery by the aid of photography, of thirty-six new asteroids, has himself never seen a single one of these little planets. He has only looked upon the images of the stars discovered by him, leaving to other "searchers of the sky," the pleasure of viewing them through telescopes.

Dr. Schlick's apparatus for preventing ships from rolling at sea has lately given fresh proof of its ability. One of his gyroscopes has been fitted on board the mail steamer Lochiel. While the vessel was rolling 16 1-2 degrees on each side, through a total angle of 33 degrees, the gyroscope was started, and immediately decreased the total angle of roll to 3 degrees. The apparatus is driven electrically and requires little attention.

Preece has calculated that an audible sound is produced in a telephone by a current of 6 by 10-13 amperes, and Pellat has calculated that a sound is produced by a difference of potential between the two stations, amounting to only 1-2000 volt. These statements give some idea of the great sensitiveness of the modern telephone, but the sensitiveness of the human ear, which perceives the invisible vibration of the telephone diaphragm, is no less remarkable.—Scientific American.

Bread made of cotton seed flour was exhibited on the board of trade recently by Charles Stearn. It is the first of its kind ever shown here and was a decided novelty. The bread, although ten days old, was sweet and nice, and resembled brown bread, being one of the best imitations of Boston brown bread that has been seen. The cotton seed flour was ground and the bread baked at Ennis, Tex. The flour can be had at $30 a ton, or 1 1-2 cents a pound. People in Texas are booming it as a substitute for wheat flour.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The use of the gas furnace for forging, tempering and hardening steel is spreading among the workshops where cutlery and tools are made. The old "hearths" are disappearing, replaced by small, clean gas furnaces, which are not only economical in space and cost of running, and comparatively clean and neat, but furnish a uniform temperature of any desired degree, thus avoiding damage to the steel through "burning," or irregularity of temperature. The working of the furnaces is economical, because the gas can be cut off the moment the operation is finished.

Rise of Lady Tree.

Lady Tree, upon whom congratulations are being showered no less heavily than upon her husband, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, has in her time played many parts and is even more versatile than the new theatrical knight himself. For, having had a brilliant career at Queen's college, she began life as a classical tutor there; then she made a reputation for herself as Miss Helen Maude, an amateur actress. Finally she achieved brilliant success as a Shakespearian actress, as a comedienne and as the female villain in melodrama. Lady Tree is a brilliant Greek scholar, one of the wittiest women speakers in England, a good musician and a skilful needlewoman, while she wields with no small skill the pencil and the brush. —Lady's Pictorial.

A Moving Pumpkin.

A pumpkin was seen to walk across the field by Mrs. Samuel H. Hight of Skowhegan yesterday. When she saw it she thought her eyes were deceiving her, but she soon perceived that the pumpkin moved a little way, stopped and then turned in another direction. She watched this object for some time and told one of her neighbors. The mystery was solved, but the two women did not dare to go nearer to the moving vegetable, but called a man who knocked the pumpkin over and found a polecat. The skunk had crawled under the pumpkin and stuck his head into a hole in it and was unable to extricate himself from it and had walked off as best he could with the pumpkin on his back.—Lewiston Journal.

A Booster Light.

The "boosters" of the town of Montgomery, Ala., have erected a monster electrically illuminated sign bearing the name of their community on the roof of a factory facing the railroad. The sign is 75 feet high and 85 feet long, lit by 2600 lamps, and bears an immense key and the inscription "Montgomery, Your Opportunity," with a sky rocket effect. The idea is to impress the name on thousands of passengers going by on the railroad and possibly ignorant even of the name of the town.—Scientific American.

The greater part of Holland is eight feet below the level of the sea.